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# Western



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WHOLE No. 631.

## Poetry.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.  
NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

[BY R. H. WILDS, OF GEORGIA.]

Faint and sad was the moonbeam's smile,  
Sullen the moon of the dying wave,  
Hoarse the wind in St. Helen's tale,  
As I stood by the side of Napoleon's Grave.  
And is it here that the hero lies,  
Whose name hath shaken the earth with  
deeds?  
And is this all that the earth supplies?  
A stone his pillow—the turf his bed!  
Is such the meral of human life?  
Are these the limits of glory's reign?  
Have oceans of blood and an age of strife,  
A thousand battles been all in vain?  
Is nothing left of his victories now?  
But legions broken—a sword in rust—  
A crown that cumber a dot's brow—  
A name and a requiem—dust to dust!  
Of all the chieftains whose thrones he reared,  
Were there none whom kindness or faith  
could bind?  
Of all the monarchs whose crowns he spared,  
Had none one spark of his Roman mind?  
Did Prussia cast no repentant glance?  
Did Austria shed no remorseful tear?  
When England's faith, and thine honor, France,  
And thy friendship, Russia, was blasted here!  
Not—Holy leagues, like the heathen heaven,  
Ungodlike shrunk from the giant's shock,  
And glorious Titan—the unforgiven—  
Was doomed to his vulture, and chains, and  
rock.  
And who were the gods that decreed thy  
fate?  
A German Czar—a Prussian Sage,  
The Dandy Prince of a counting-room,  
And a Russian Greek of the middle age!  
Men called thee Despot, and called thee true;  
But the laurel was earned that bound thy  
brow.  
And of all who wore it, alas! how few  
Were as free from treason and guilt as thou!  
Shame to the Gaul! and thy faithless horde!  
Where was the oath which thy soldiers  
swore?  
Fraud still lurks in the gown—but the sword  
Was never so false to its trusts before!  
Where was thy veterans' boast that day  
"The old guard dies," but "never yields!"  
Oh! for one heart like the brave Desaix,  
One phalanx like those of thy early days!  
But not for one it was Freedom's charm  
Gave them the courage of more than men.  
You broke the magic that nerve each arm,  
Though you were invincible only then!

From the Saturday Courier.  
The Coronation Day.  
Translated from the French.

BY S. F. G.

When his marriage with Josephine de  
Beauharnois was decided upon by Na-  
poleon, then a simple General, he often  
accompanied his betrothed on foot to the  
different dwellings which they visited.—  
One day she requested his company to  
the house of Mons. Raguideau, an old  
Notary who the young widow honored  
with her confidence, and who consulted  
with her not only on affairs of interest,  
but even on the most intimate secrets  
which exist in the hearts of women.  
Arrived at the Notary's, at the door  
of the office, where was employed his  
clerk, Josephine detached herself from the  
arm of Napoleon, and immediately entered  
the private cabinet of the business man.  
But by means of the opportunity which  
the young widow gave him, by inadvertently  
leaving the door of the cabinet partly  
open, Napoleon overheard, where he  
was remaining outside, without suffering  
a single word to escape him, the follow-  
ing conversation, which passed:  
"Mons. Raguideau," said Josephine,  
"I wish to make known to you the fact of  
my approaching marriage."  
"You, Madame, and with whom?"  
"I espouse shortly General Bonaparte."  
"What! the widow of a military officer,  
and will you marry another? General  
Bonaparte, say you! Ah! yes, I remem-  
ber him, the commander of the army of  
the interior, the ex-chief of battalion, who  
at Toulon gave a lesson in artillery to  
Gen. Cartaux."  
"Himself, Mons. Raguideau."  
"But he is a man without fortune, Mad-  
ame."  
"He does not possess much, it is true,  
but his house is in the street Charmerne."  
"A small affair! and your marriage is  
irrevocably determined?"  
"Without doubt, Monsieur."  
"So much the worse for you, Mad-  
ame."

"Why so, if you please, Monsieur Ra-  
guideau?"

"Why? because it is better to remain a  
widow, than to marry a General without  
anything but his name. Your Bonaparte  
will never be a Dumouriez, a Pichegru.  
Will he never be equal to any of the  
great Generals of our Republic? I do not  
think so; besides, you know that a bear-  
er of arms is nothing now; and I would  
prefer, of all the military grades, a place  
as contractor in one of our armies."

"Every one to his taste, Monsieur," re-  
plied Josephine, a little drily, wounded,  
without doubt, at the irreverence with  
which the Notary had spoken of a man  
whom she loved; "Every one to his own  
taste, you know, that in marriages, an af-  
fair of gold—"

"And you, Madame," interrupted the  
obstinate Raguideau, "you know it is an  
affair of the heart and inclination; that is  
what you wish to say—is it not so? Well!  
you are wrong; the gold epauletts of a  
General are very dazzling, you know  
well; proceed not to prepare an inevitable  
repentance, in espousing, I repeat, a  
man without fortune; a man who has only  
his cap and sword to depend upon."

While hearing this conversation, Na-  
poleon, who probably feared a little for  
his marriage prospects, from the results of  
the counsel of Raguideau, boiled on his  
chair with impatience and anger; his sud-  
den movements during this converse, his  
venation, showed his discontent; and  
twenty times he was on the point of open-  
ing entirely the door of the room, and  
telling the notary to occupy himself with  
his contracts of sale and his inventories,  
instead of intermeddling with the  
affairs of others, at the moment especially  
when the words cap and sword struck up-  
on his ear; he rose up briskly, his eyes  
sparkling, and he made one step towards  
the door. Happily the fear of covering  
himself with ridicule, retained him, and he  
proceeded to repeat himself, a little  
ashamed at his heedless movement.

A few minutes after, Josephine, with  
an unpleasant air, left the cabinet of the  
Notary, who accompanied her as far as  
the door of the office, and Bonaparte, in  
taking the arm of his future wife, to re-  
conduct her home, made to the man of  
business, without saying a word, a salute  
most cool and disdainful.

During the passage home, Josephine  
observing that Napoleon was more ab-  
stracted than usual, pressed his arm still  
more tenderly than she ordinarily did;  
however, he kept with her the most pro-  
found silence of that which he had just  
heard; and as far as to the day of cor-  
onation, neither Raguideau nor Madame  
Bonaparte had the least suspicion that  
their conversation had for an invisible au-  
ditor that same person of which it was the  
object.

Several years elapsed; the campaigns  
of Italy, the victories of Egypt, advanced  
the little General. Then came the 18th  
Brumaire (Nov. 10, 1799,) still Napo-  
leon, little satisfied with the Consulate for  
life, wished the Empire; and France,  
consulted, responded by near four mil-  
lion written adhesions, that they gave the  
hereditary empire to its First Consul; it  
was then obliged to Crown Napoleon, and  
the Pope came to Paris for the ceremony  
of coronation.

The day of this solemnity, at the mo-  
ment when he had set out for the Arch-  
bishop, Napoleon appeared to recollect,  
for the first time, the Notary Raguideau.  
On the leaving of his small apartments,  
he walked quite joyous in the hall of his  
throne, when suddenly he arrested him-  
self, and made a sign to one of his Cham-  
berlains: "I wish brought here the Notary  
Raguideau," said he to him, and the  
Chamberlain proceeded to execute im-  
mediately the order of the Emperor.

When made known that Napoleon re-  
quested to see him, Raguideau was sur-  
prised and lost in a thousand conjectures  
of the true motive of this sudden cor-  
vocation. When he arrived at the Tuilleries,  
and when he had passed through some of  
the halls, all resplendent with gilding,  
and full of marshals, of ministers, and of great  
officers of the Empire, they introduced  
him into the hall where Napoleon awaited  
him, in conversation with Josephine.

"Ah! it is you, Raguideau," said Na-  
poleon, immediately, half smiling; "I  
am very glad to see you." And without  
further preamble, he added: "You re-  
collect the day when I accompanied to  
your house, in 1796, I think, Madame de  
Beauharnois, to-day Empress of France?"  
and he laid an emphasis on the word "Em-  
press." You recollect the praise that you  
gave of a military career, and the person-  
al panegyric of which I was myself the  
object? Well! what say you now, are  
you a good prophet? You said I should  
never have aught but the cap and sword.  
I have marched, however, and I have  
made more than one step despite your  
predictions. I need not seek to you of  
my fortune. After eight years of married  
life, I have brought a crown to give to  
my wife! The crown of France!"

And in saying these words he pressed  
the hand of Josephine, who stood mute  
with astonishment at this unexpected  
scene.

Stop fixed at this apostrophe, but recol-  
lecting then his discontented prognostics,  
Raguideau was only able to stammer some  
words without meaning: "Sire—I know  
not—what! sire, have you heard?"  
"All, Raguideau, walls have ears, and  
I owe you a punishment, for if my good Jo-  
sephine had followed your counsel, it  
might have lost to her a throne, and to me  
the best of women. You have been cul-  
pable, Raguideau!"

At the words "culpable" and "punish-  
ment," the poor Notary, more disconcerted  
than ever, turned pale and trembled in  
all his members; he almost feared that  
the Emperor would make him pass a coun-  
cil of war for having dared to doubt his  
genius and prosperity; and he fell upon  
his knees to ask pardon, when Napoleon,  
after amusing himself some moments at  
the sight of the giver of sad counsel,  
pitied him, and to dissipate his terrors,  
said:

"Come, comfort yourself, my punish-  
ment shall be altogether parental: I con-  
demn you to go to-day to Notre Dame,  
and assist at the ceremony of my crowning  
—and that I see you there! Do you  
hear, Monsieur, be present in the church  
—on the passage of my cortege!"

Raguideau calmed himself, and respir-  
ing more freely, stammered some excu-  
ses, and then left the hall for the purpose  
of going to Notre-Dame; and Napoleon,  
after having laughed several moments with  
Josephine, at the Prophet Raguideau,  
descended into the Court of the Tuilleries,  
mounted his carriage, and proceeded  
to the Archbishop's. At this mo-  
ment it struck six at the clock of the Tuil-  
leries, and a discharge of artillery an-  
nounced his arrival at the appointed place.  
When quitting the church to appear at  
the Archbishop's, Napoleon perceived  
the Notary in the crowd, and smiled upon  
him with kindness; the poor man of busi-  
ness, dazzled with all this pomp, could  
hardly believe his eyes; and when the  
Emperor passed smiling before him, Ra-  
guideau made so deep a reverence, that it  
is said his forehead nearly touched the  
earth.

## THE PROTESTED NOTE.

A PARODY ON THE "RECALL OF SIR JOHN  
MOORE."

Not a dollar we saw—not a single note,  
As fast through the streets we hurried—  
Not a friend from his shelter would lend us a shilling,  
And we felt confoundedly flurried.

We 'shinned' it hard at the middle of day,  
The alleys and corners turning,  
Neath the heated rays of an April sun,  
With our flushed cheeks lily turning.

Many and long were the prayers that we made,  
And our face bore the impress of sorrow,  
But the brokers to lend us we saw were afraid,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

No useless pity disturbed their breast,  
Self-interest, only had bound them,  
And we envied the shavers taking their rest,  
With their stock certificates round them.

We thought as we went from the street to the  
dock—  
(Twas now half-past two—we ran fast—)  
How the holders of our paper would bear the  
shock.

When they heard we'd laid over at last!  
Darkly they'd talk of the merchant that's  
"gone."

And over his protests upbraided him,  
But little he'd "stopped" if he could have  
"gone on."

And his debtors had duly paid him,

But half the needed fund we had raised,  
When the clock struck the hour of late,  
And we knew by the Notary's heavy step,  
That, alas! it was now to late!

Slowly and sadly we gazed on our note,  
As payment he sternly demanded,  
And we brushed away a rising tear,  
And took the "protest" he handed.

## AN AFFECTING STORY.

It was in the year 183— that a gentle-  
man distinguished for his talents and in-  
tellectual abilities, suddenly resolved to  
abandon the habit of intemperance to  
which he had long been addicted. He  
was a remarkable and extraordinary man.  
His talents were of the first order, and  
his attainments were of the most exten-  
sive character. In person he was hand-  
some, and possessed every exterior grace  
that could please or attract the eye. His  
manners were of the most pleasing and  
fascinating kind, and his conversation  
was of that varied and eloquent nature,  
that his company was in every condition  
of society desired. No man was more  
deeply versed in classical learning; and  
in the various branches of scholastic phi-  
losophy he was profound. In the lighter  
branches of polite literature, he had con-  
siderable acquisitions, and indeed, in  
every branch of intellectual knowledge  
he was deeply read. He had been com-  
pared to Bolingbroke, who it is well  
known by the profundity of his philo-  
sophy, and the elegance of his manners,  
could grace and give a charm to the draw-  
ing room, or teach lessons of wisdom in  
the Academy or Lyceum. At an early

age he married a beautiful and charming  
woman, and from the union of two per-  
sons so well adapted to each other, it  
might readily be supposed that the stream  
of happiness would continue uninterrup-  
tedly to flow; but alas! it was soon dis-  
covered that the possession of the highest  
attainments, and the most exalted genius  
afforded no security against the encroach-  
ments of a vice, whose course is marked  
by misery, and whose end is death. For  
years he was a complete victim to this  
degrading and unhappy vice, and from a  
considerable loftiness of reputation, had  
sunk into the character of a common  
drunkard. Poverty had entered his do-  
mestic, and he was frequently the subject  
of the most pressing want. His wife's jew-  
elry had disappeared at the pawnbroker's  
and his own extensive and valuable library  
had met with the same fate. Article  
after article of furniture had disappeared,  
and nothing now remained but that which  
was secured by law. His wife, who in  
her person had presented all that en-  
dowed with appearance which marks health,  
had wasted away to a mere shadow. Her  
disposition, which had formerly been liv-  
ely and vivacious, was now sorrowful and  
melancholy, and the children exhibited  
that raggedness of dress, which distin-  
guished the offspring of those who are in-  
temperate.

A more affecting scene can hardly  
be imagined than that which occurred  
on a cold and bleak day in December,  
when the mother was seen pressing an  
infant to her breast, crowding to a few in-  
chance that still remained on the hearth.  
Several small children surrounded her,  
crying with clamor, and begging their mother  
to give them some bread; but alas! she  
had none to give them. Along side in  
one corner, covered with a worn out rag,  
lay the husband in a beastly state of in-  
toxication, with a jug of the fatal poison  
at his head—a more distressing and heart-  
rending scene cannot possibly be conceiv-  
ed—it was one calculated to draw tears  
from the most obdurate heart and often  
the most abandoned soul.—There lay the  
man whose lofty intellect and splendid  
talents were well suited to adorn a senate  
or rule a nation, a victim to the intoxica-  
ting draught that has destroyed thousands.

What has just been described is no fic-  
tion. It is truth, without the aid of im-  
agination or the colorings of fancy.—  
Twelve months from the period at which  
our story commences, on a cold winter  
evening, might be seen in a beautiful and  
snug little parlor, sitting on a sofa the  
same gentleman, dressed in a manner  
which indicated that he had not quite fal-  
len a martyr to that poverty which is the  
invariable result of that habit to which  
he had been addicted. His brow was  
thoughtful, and an accurate observer might  
perceive a shade of melancholy pass  
over his countenance. In the same room,  
seated at a center table, was his wife,  
attired in a neat tasteful dress, read-  
ing one of those beautiful annuals of the  
season. Several beautiful children were  
playing in the room, and their cheerful  
looks and comfortable clothing indicated  
that poverty had no residence there.—  
This little parlor displayed indeed no to-  
kens of wealth, but evidently signs of  
comfortable enjoyments. Two beauti-  
ful vases adorned the mantel-piece, and  
underneath was seen the vivid light of an  
animating coal fire, before which, on a  
rug, lay a favorite dog, who seemed to  
participate in the happiness which ap-  
peared to pervade the apartment. The  
wife looked up, and casting a glance at  
her husband, observed a gleam of hope  
of contentment which at once riveted her  
attention. She closed her book which  
she had just been reading, and going to  
him, threw her arms around his neck,  
and tenderly inquired if any thing distur-  
bed him. It was some moments before he  
made her any reply, and then he said,  
my dear, I must have half a pint of brandy.

The wife became immediately agitated  
and in solicitous accents brought  
him not to send for that poison which  
had formerly been nearly his ruin. She  
who but a few moments before had been  
realizing the feelings of perfect security,  
was now convulsed with sorrowful antici-  
pations, that a renewal of her husband's  
former pernicious habits had taken place.  
Her bosom heaved with alarm, and as the  
tears gushed from her eyes, she im-  
plored him whom she had loved and ad-  
hered to with a devoted fidelity, through  
good and evil report, in disgrace and in  
poverty, that he would not again tempt,  
by a single intemperance, a recurrence to  
habits which must destroy their present  
felicity, and forever annihilate their fu-  
ture hopes. The children partook of the  
sorrow of their mother: they left their  
innocent amusements, and with tears in  
their little eyes, begged their papa not  
to get any more of that stuff which had  
made them poor, and their mamma cry. But  
the husband appeared to be insensible to  
the affectionate remonstrances of his wife,  
and the artless persuasions of his chil-  
dren. His eldest daughter, who on for-  
mer occasions had gone on the errand,  
was now compelled to perform this; the  
brandy was obtained, and his wife look-

ed with a fearful and painful foreboding  
upon the decanter which contained the  
fatal poison. He looked upon the brandy,  
approaching the table with a chair,  
he sat down and took the decanter in his  
hand; he held it up to the light and ob-  
served how beautiful its color. He then  
apostrophized thus: O how I love thee,  
thou enticing and misery-dispensing spir-  
it! thou has been my bosom companion  
from morn till night, and from night till  
morning. I have loved thee with a love  
surpassing that of woman, and I have  
grieved as a mother grieves over the dead  
body of her child, when I found that the  
spirits of the bottle had departed; but I  
have found thee deceptive and ungrate-  
ful. Thou didst destroy my reputation,  
thou didst rob my pocket. You gave me  
disease instead of health, and made  
the heart of my wife pulsate with unhappi-  
ness. My children wept at the ruin you  
entailed, and my house you made deso-  
late and sorrowful. Twelve months have  
I parted from you, and I now renounce  
you forever, thou agent of destruction!  
thou demon of despair! With that, he  
hoisted the window, threw the bottle into  
the street, and declared the victory was  
won. His wife rushed into his arms,  
joy beaming in her countenance. She  
could only utter, "my husband!" who ten-  
derly embraced her and sealed her fore-  
head with a kiss. The children ran to  
their father, climbing his knees, and  
their cheerful prattling told how they  
partook of the sympathetic joy. Even  
Napoleon, on the hearth rug, raised his  
head, gave an encouraging look to his  
master, and wagged his tail with evident  
delight.

## THE WIFE OF THE BEY OF TUNIS.

A TUNESIAN WEDDING.

In the castle yard, (said a consular la-  
dy to Prince Puckler Muskau,) we were  
received by the bey's secretary minister,  
and conducted to the door of the second  
court. At the double door of the Ha-  
rem two Mamelukes stood on guard, one  
of whom summoned an Italian interpre-  
tress, who invited us in. The room into  
which we were introduced was hung with  
gold, embroidered with satin; guilt bird  
cages were hung from the ceiling, and  
even here the walls were covered with  
weapons. Opposite to us, on an ottoman,  
sat the bey's wife, richly but not tastefully  
dressed. She rose, received us with the  
words, "blessed be your entrance, and  
may you stay as long as is agreeable to  
you;" and made us sit beside her. Her  
arms and feet were bare; on the latter  
she wore small embroidered slippers,  
which so little came on to the foot, that  
she held them fast when she moved, be-  
tween the great toe and the one next to it.  
From our seat we looked through several  
rooms, in which were crowds of white  
and black slaves, sitting on the ground,  
some chattering, others variously occu-  
pied. Altogether I must have seen upwards  
of a thousand.

Having been well instructed, I had  
dressed myself gaudily and strikingly,  
whilst my companions, happening to be  
mourning, were all in black. I, therefore,  
pleased the Princess best; she led me by  
the hand, and pressed me to eat. Our  
collation consisted of sweetmeats.  
When we had eaten enough, the re-  
mainder was picked up into baskets, one  
of which was sent to each lady's house.  
Whilst we were eating, the bey, his broth-  
er, and several of the princes appeared,  
gazed curiously at us, and withdrew with-  
out speaking a word. Our visit ended by  
a tour through the harem, of which all the  
rooms were furnished alike; only a sleep-  
ing cabinet of the bey's had any thing  
remarkable, and of that the walls were  
decorated from top to bottom with small  
watches. The princess accompanied us  
to the harem door. The wedding was  
far more interesting. The ceremonies  
were performed in a beautiful marble  
court of the harem, over which was  
spread a magnificent scarlet awning.

At the door of every room were placed  
wad candles of a foot in diameter, and  
painted with red and green winding stripes.  
Over the fountain burnt hundreds of vari-  
egated lamps, and the whole scene called  
to mind the Arabian tales. To the sound  
of music, the bride, seated upon a cush-  
ion of gold brocade, was brought in by her  
brothers, and placed on an old-fashioned  
very costly arm chair, that stood in the  
centre of the court. Her dress was ex-  
traordinarily magnificent and heavy; the  
remarkable parts being a diadem loaded  
with jewels, splendid anklets, and daz-  
zling bracelets. Arms and feet were bare;  
the soles and a small portion of the sides  
of the latter, as well as the finger and toe  
nails, were colored a reddish brown with  
henna, and eye brows and eye lashes  
were dyed black.—She appeared with  
closed eyes, which she was not allowed to  
open during the whole day; and the hus-  
band was not permitted to see her for the  
first three days of their marriage. Beside  
her stood two dancing girls, and before  
her stood a negress with a colossal tin-  
nured basin, in which were deposited the  
presents of gold, jewels and other valu-  
ables offered to her, whilst the nature of

the gifts and the names of the givers were  
rehearsed aloud. Every two hours the  
bride was carried to her room upon the  
cushion, now dressed and brought back to  
her arm chair. During the whole day the  
poor soul must not eat; so that between fati-  
gure, fasting and the weight of her dress  
and jewels, she was repeatedly near faint-  
ing, when an old negress always put a  
pottle to her mouth, which evidently  
strengthened her. Our repast, as before,  
consisted of sweetmeats and coffee, cho-  
colate, lemonade, &c.; but the bey himself  
was more conversable upon the present  
occasion, playing the friendly host, often  
telling us the house was ours, to use at  
pleasure. He himself took a candle to  
show us the bridal couch, of white satin,  
tastefully embroidered with gold, and  
which, on account of its height, was to be  
ascended by red satin steps. Suddenly  
the light he held went out, and we remain-  
ed a while in the dark; this was consid-  
ered an evil omen. \* \* \* When the bride-  
room is first admitted to the brides pre-  
sence, the custom is that she should kiss  
his hand, and he place his foot upon hers,  
not as conjugal endearments, but in token  
of the husband's sovereignty.—The prin-  
cess refused to conform to these customs,  
as unbefitting her birth.—Prince Puck-  
ler Muskau, in Africa.

RIP VAN WINKLE.—A short time  
since, a man who had been fishing at the  
mouth of the Black river in New York  
drew his canoe upon the beach, and sat  
down to cogitate upon the uncertainties  
of this world. "All liquor is cheap,"  
said the fisherman. "All liquors is  
cheap, and I may as well take the  
bountiful." So saying he tipped a small  
cane over a leather tumbler, and drank  
the contents. We will not assert that  
he had drunk previously, but we know,  
that upon after the last draught was swal-  
lowed, nature's sweet restorer breathed  
upon his eyeballs, and stretching himself  
at length in the canoe, he was soon in  
a profound slumber. The sleeper takes  
no note of time and when our friend  
awoke, darkness had covered the face of  
the waters, the wind was blowing a gale,  
and the canoe was dancing upon the  
waves, as he afterwards ascertained, "in  
the most unreasonable manner." The  
paddle was missing. He felt about for  
it, but it could not be found. All he  
could do was to remain perfectly quiet in  
his recumbent situation and "trust to  
luck." The canoe was again resorted  
to in desperation, and again had the de-  
sired effect. He slept a long time, and  
was awakened by some one shaking him  
violently. A friend had discovered him  
lying upon the beach with the water run-  
ning in at his mouth whenever he opened  
it. While he (imagined himself in some  
convivial party, where he was press to  
drink) was murmuring, "No more I'm  
obliged to you gentlemen. Not any more.  
Thankee"—Ere.

THE HUNDRED LARGEST CITIES IN  
THE WORLD.—A recent German pub-  
lication gives the following curious calcu-  
lation respecting the hundred most popu-  
lous cities in the world: These are  
Edo, in Japan, 1,680,000 inhabitants;  
Pekin, 1,500,000; London, 1,300,000;  
Hankow, 1,100,000; Calcutta, 900,000;  
Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000;  
Congo, 800,000; Paris, 717,000;  
Wien, 600,000; Constantinople, 597,000;  
Beijing, 530,000; Rio, 520,000; Su-  
chow, 500,000, &c. The fortieth  
in the list is Berlin, containing  
193,000; and the last Bristol, 57,000.  
Among the hundred cities, two contain  
a million and a half, two upwards of a  
million, nine from half a million to a  
million, twenty-three from two hundred  
thousand to five hundred thousand, fifty-  
six from one hundred thousand to two  
hundred thousand, and six from eighty-  
seven thousand to one hundred thousand.  
Of these one hundred cities, fifty-eight  
are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe,  
of which four are in Germany, four in  
France, five in Italy, eight in England,  
and three in Spain; the remaining ten  
are divided between Africa and America.

The New York Herald has an article under  
the head—"Influence of a pretty girl."  
"Catherine Mary," said the Recorder yester-  
day, in columns, "you have been convicted  
of a very great crime. This stealing is a very  
serious offence; but as you are a pretty  
girl, we'll suspend judgment. I hope you  
will do better for the future." Who can say  
that justice is blind? So much for a pretty  
face.

CONVICTS IN A PUBLIC ASSEMBLY.—In a  
spiritual theatre, where all the performers  
are professors, but where very few of the  
professors are performers. "Taking them one  
with another," said the Rev. S.—S.—  
"I believe my congregation to be the most  
exemplary observance of religious ordinances  
for the poor, keep a little fasts and the rich  
all the fasts!"

Advice.—Whenever you see your  
neighbor's penknife or pencil-case lying on  
his desk, pick it up and pocket it, lest  
some one should steal it.

Whenever you discover your friend  
conversing in a low tone with his intimate  
associate, take all the pains to overhear  
his discourse that you can; this will show  
good breeding.

Praising Youth.—Mr. I'm next to  
the head. You don't say so, Billy?  
How many are there in your class, my  
boy? I and Sol Dean.

An old woman met a man with a cradle.  
"Ah sir," said she, "behold the  
fruits of matrimony." "Silly," was  
the answer, "this is only the fruit basket."